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THE SQUIB.

This is a miserable melange—bad prose, and worse poetry—wood cuts, some of which would disgrace a ballad—and an effort at wit, unworthy of the veriest cockney that ever kept a stall at Bartholomew fair. We once before expressed our conviction, that there was at the present moment a retrograde movement in the march of intellect; and the Squib Annual, with some others of a similar genus, recently published in London, would appear to confirm us in our opinion. Indeed, we consider it a kind of humbug on the Annuals, for such a thing to be foisted on the public under the designation it has assumed. An Annual, forsooth! Truly, it is an annual—inasmuch as it will never be perennial. One year—nay, half that space—will mark the term of its existence; for such a mass of stupid stuff, with scarcely a single sentence to redeem its character, we have seldom met with in print. It is, as its title imports, a kind of *personal*, poetic, political, exuberance; but we in vain look for that humour or wit which could alone relieve such a production. The poet and the painter have alike failed in their attempts to delineate character in any way calculated even to excite our risible faculties; and we have no hesitation in dooming it to the tomb of all the Capulets. Lest we should be charged with not having given a fair sample of what we so severely censure, we shall make room for a few *verses*—verses did we say?—lines we should call them, for they are unworthy the name of *verse*—words strung together, as our readers shall see presently, without sense or meaning; and of the extract, with reference to the entire, we may say, *ab uno disce omnes*.

BUBBLES FROM THE BROODINGS OF NE'ER SAW.

By a very old Man.

"Find me moonshine—find me moonshine."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"Who but can recal the panic,
Eighteen hundred twenty-five,
Season blest, and spring Satanic,
Swift to ruin, swift to thrive;
Goddess of the stars, Urania,
Was't not thou that caused the mania?"

Real del Monte,
Many want ye;
Anglo-Chilian,
Shares a million,
Pearls from ocean,
Glorious notion!
What a sly go,
Gold from Vigo!
Purchas'd land is
On the Andes,
Mines are digging,
Vessels rigging,
Lots of gold ore,
Lies are told o'er,
Brokers swelter,
Helter skelter,
"Coronat opus,"

Touch the mopus.

Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fingers burn, and all a bubble.

When awaking from their dreamy hum,
Victims found their hopes a miscount,
Oh! how soon the present premium,
Chang'd into a present discount.

Shares are falling,
Brokers calling,
Strange grimaces,
Pull long faces:
Day for settling,
Mines no metal in;

Can't find veins out;
Blowing brains out;
Lame ducks waddle,
Trustees toddle,
No cheque-taking,
Banks are breaking,
Dash my wig,
Hop the twig,
Wall hand-writing,
Jobbers fighting,
They'll Belshazzar us,
Dives, Lazarus.

Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fingers burn, and all a bubble.

Would you see the repetition,
Eighteen hundred thirty-five?
Only mark the same ambition
On a smaller scale alive.

Broad-street office,
Man with show phiz,
Powder'd hair,
Important stare,
Pen behind ear,
You will find here,
Grave decoy duck,
Well employ'd hook,
Shares of rail-roads,
Cut out mail-roads;
Mines of copper,
What a whopper!
Silver, gold, tin,
Letters folding,
New gas lighting,
Gudgeons biting,
What a call for
Shares, and all for

Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fingers burn, and all a bubble.

But "*experientia docet*,"
She's a dame that's sure to teach,
And inquire amongst the low set,
And you'll learn the price of each,

Copper, tin, gold,
Ne'er can win gold;
Prices will veer,
Nought for silver;
Fools and asses,
Steams and gases,
Shares an expense,
Ten for six-pence;
Here's a plague wrought,
Twelve for a groat,
Time grows shorter,
A pint of porter!
Bow with two strings,
Won't buy shoe strings,
Forc'd to sell bows,
Out at elbows.
Botheration,
Ruinatation,
Humbug, riddle,
Do and diddle,

This of rail-road, steam, and mine is,
Be assur'd the certain finis:—

Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fingers burn, and all a bubble."

The mere absence of sense and sound, however, is not all that we have to complain of. The publication contains several very objectionable pieces, besides *quantum suff.* of such trash as the following description, given by a person in a treadmill:—

THE SILENT SYSTEM.

"Now, listen here, good gentleman,
To vot I shall unfold,
And don't you shake your knowledge box,
Until my tale I've told.

* The Squib Annual of Poetry, Politics, and Personalities, for 1836. With Twelve Designs, by R. Seymour. London: Chapman and Hall.

"I lately com'd unto this 'ere,
In a raw lobster's gripe,
For I vos catch'd, vorse luck for me,
A prigg'in' of a vipe.

"And when I com'd for three long months,
Sent here by Ald'man Cowan,
The keepers says, 'You mustn't speak,
But it's no fault of ourn.

"For every cove as is in 'ere,
His patter quite controls;
And if you dares to spin a yarn,
They'll stop your grub, by goles."

"And then they took me to the mill,
At climbing to endeavour;—
For gemmen there vot pads the hoof,
Says nothin' votsumever. * * *

"Now ha'n't you seen the tongues in shops,
Along o' the polonies?
They says as much to them, as we
E'er says unto our cronies. * * *

"'Eyes right,' they says, and straight ve stares,
Vun wouldn't know von's brother,
For, jigger me, if none on us
Ever seed vun another.

"Vy, there vas vun, as always look'd
At hindiwiduals,
In wain they collar'd all his grub,
He *could* squint at his pals.

"But how d'ye think the rights vos known?
He up and told 'em vy;
And vhen he'd cast 'em, how he crow'd—
He'd a cast in his cock-eye!

"And they vont let us make no signs,
Or motions, and such like;
But vot's the odds? ve dursn't kick;
They'll hide us if ve strike.

"And vhen ve larks, and thinks they are
Not wisible to sight,
Somehow, a precious cove sings out,
'Silence'—just so—'eyes right.'

"Now I says this—these blessed beaks
As draw'd up these 'ere laws,
I vish their tongues more down their throats
Vith every breath they draws.

"I vishes they may swallow them
For vant of summut tougher,
For then they'll go and tell their hearts,
Vot ve poor warmint suffer."

We have omitted several verses of this precious specimen, as too low or indecent to meet the eye of our readers. We feel, indeed, as though we were wrong in occupying so much of our Journal with such stuff; but we have been induced to do it, for the purpose of showing the description of writing sanctioned, without remark, by the public in "*the metropolis of the world!*" set off with a few wood-cuts. Verily, such things would not pass muster in the metropolis of "ould Ireland."

EFFECTS OF COLD.

At a Meeting of the British Association, Doctor Osborne read an interesting paper on the effect of cold, as applied to the lungs, the stomach, and the skin. He showed that there is a provision of nature, by which the air in respiration, before it arrives at the ultimate ramification of the bronchial tubes is heated to such a degree, that even in the coldest climates the lungs are protected against its effects. When, however, in certain diseases, in consequence of deficiency of nervous energy, the heat of the surfaces of the body is not maintained, then the air arrives in a cold state at the air vesicles of the lungs, the result of which is torpidity of circulation through their capillaries, stagnation, and death. To this he ascribes the frequent cases of sudden death occurring in chronic *bronchitis* during the night, when the temperature of the apartment has not

been secured against the vicissitudes to which our climate is so liable. The stomach appears to enjoy a peculiar insensibility with regard to temperature. Thus an individual sometimes takes tea or other hot beverages at a temperature of 140 or upwards, and ice at 2, without cold or heat being perceived in the stomach—those sensations being only felt in the passages to it. When, however, ice is taken, thirst is frequently experienced: and when large draughts of cold water are taken by a person overheated, and under the depressing influences of fatigue, then gastritis is a common result. Those occurrences Dr. Osborne illustrated by observations on the effects of cold as seen in the exterior of the body, and by a comparison of these with the experiments relating to inflammation made by Dr. Alison, and reported by him at the last meeting of the Association.

By far the most important effect of cold is, however, that which it exerts on the body when applied to the skin. Of fifty-seven patients in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, thirty-four could distinctly refer to cold applied in the following manner:—in twelve, wet clothes; five, damp feet; three, bathing; and fourteen, cold air when heated. The reason that meteorology has contributed so little to our knowledge of the influence of the atmosphere on health or disease, is, that no means have been adopted to estimate its cooling power with reference to ourselves. In order to accomplish this object, Dr. Osborne employed an instrument, which he proposed to call a *psychrometer*, or measurer of refrigeration. It is simply a spirit thermometer heated to 90, (that being the average of temperature of the skin,) and exposed to the air under any circumstances in which it is desired to try it. It is then inferred, that the cooling power is inversely as the time required to reduce it to 80°. By Dr. Osborne's observations, it appeared, that the cooling effect of a breeze at 70, is to that of the air at rest at the same temperature as 5 to 1; and secondly, that at the temperature 62, the cooling effect produced by fanning is nearly as 3 to 1. From the application of this instrument, it is not too much to expect that much light will be thrown on the unhealthy nature of the climates of the West Indies and of the coast of Africa, with respect to which all the observations made with the instruments hitherto in use have completely failed, and which is evidently dependent on the sea and land breezes.

It appeared that the refrigerating power of water at rest at 70 was to air of the same temperature as 14 to 1, and that the refrigerating power of the water was increased by agitation in the ratio of 24 to 15. This corroborates what is well known to swimmers of the benumbing effects of moving through water.

In order to ascertain the extent of refrigeration produced by wearing damp clothes, Dr. Osborne compared the time taken in cooling in air at rest at 68, by the instrument covered in dry cotton wool, and by the same in a damp state, and found the refrigeration sustained in the latter case, to be to that in the former, nearly as 5 to 1, a proportion which would be much greater if the experiment were made in the open air.

THE MOON.

Some time since, a M. Gruithausen, of Munich, stated, that he had incontestible proofs that the moon is inhabited: all Europe assailed him with ridicule, but he was not to be laughed out of his opinions, and has now republished them, in concert with a learned colleague and astronomer, M. Schröter. Their common conclusions are: first, that the vegetation on the surface of the moon extends to 55° S. lat. and 65° N. lat.; secondly, that from the 50th degree of N. lat. to the 47th of S. lat. they recognise evident traces of the abode of animated beings. They repeat that which M. Gruithausen formerly asserted, that they perceive high roads in various directions, and have further discovered a colossal edifice, nearly under the equator of our satellite. At this place there is an appearance of a considerable city, near to which they are perfectly assured of the existence of a construction similar to that called, in fortification, a horn work.—*Athenæum*,